

7894  
31

A  
P O E M  
ON THE  
D E A T H  
OF THE  
Q U E E N.

By a Gentlewoman of Quality.

Licensed, *February 26th, 169<sup>4</sup>.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *R. Cumberland* at the Angel in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and are to be sold by *J. Whitlock* near *Stationers-Hall*. 169<sup>4</sup>.



---



---

A

# P O E M.

**G**reat Britain now for many Years must Mourn,  
 MARIA's Dead, the Best that fill'd a Throne;  
 Yet thou li'st struck in deepest Lethargie,  
 And can'st not yet thy greatest Sorrows see;  
 Weep then, and let thy Tears for ever run,  
 As Exhalations drawn up by the Sun:  
 Let every thing within thy Island ly  
 Useless in Silence, and stand neglected by;  
 Nor let the Day break from on high  
 Put on here her Gaudy Livery,  
 But be as Mute and Negligent as we.  
 What need be Spring or Summer here,  
 That such a Badge of Sorrows wear?  
 Or Sun or Moon to give us Light?  
 Here wants no Day, but a perpetual Night.  
 The Pious MARY She is gone on High,  
 And Seated in the Heavenly Hierarchy;  
 And Weeping Albion now can only raise  
 Monuments to Her Eternal Praise;  
 Proud to Record it throughout all the Earth,  
 That here this Virtuous Queen first had her Birth.  
 No Tongue can tell, nor Pen can write the Story  
 Of MARY's Praise, of MARY's Everlasting Glory:  
 But hold, Great Britain yet, and be not drown'd in Grief,  
 You may Lament, but here you'll find relief;  
 Stay then thy Floods of Tears, MARIA has left behind  
 A King that's Great, Good, Merciful and Kind;

A Prince that's Fam'd abroad, Belov'd at home,  
 Fights for your Cause, and values not a Throne;  
*Mars* in the Field, *Solomon* at Council-Board,  
 Mildly sways the Scepter, fiercely brandishes the Sword;  
 Sticks at no Pains, *Great Britain* to defend,  
 Exposing His Royal Person purely for that end;  
 But when Proud *Lewis* to Fetters he can bring,  
 He'll value not to be *Albanion's* King,  
 A Place too narrow for so great a Spirit,  
 The VVorld one Empire, were not worth his Merit:  
 Sent from Above, where *MARY* She is gone,  
 Heaven could not spare them both, but leaves us one.

*The Proceſſion.*

Ha! What is't I ſee, what do my Eyes behold?  
 An Open Chariot of the pureſt Gold,  
 In which is ſeated full of Majeſty,  
 Either ſome Mighty Princeſs or ſome Deity;  
 Encompaſs'd round ſhe is on every ſide  
 VVith Cherubims, and wing'd Angels are her Guide;  
 All hush'd in Silence at this glorious Sight,  
 Brighter than Day, though in the darkeſt Night.  
 Ha! ſurely yet I Dream, or am not well awake,  
 Who is't that doth this Solemn Progreſs take?  
 Aſſiſt me Gods, and let me quickly know,  
 Whether this Glorious Light intends to go:  
 What Place is fit this Gueſt to entertain,  
 That has ſo many Thouſands in her Train.  
 Leave off vain Man, and thou wilt quickly ſee  
 No Earthly Temple can her Reception be:  
 Her Pious Soul to Heaven's already gone,  
 Her Earthly Body's going to a guilded Throne,  
 Where *Albion* now can only make  
 Hecatombs to *MARY's* ever bleſſed ſtate;  
 And Round the Quire ſit and ſing  
 Praiſes to Heaven for our moſt Gracious King.

